

# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 463.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1830.

[PRICE 2d.]

## Brougham Castle.



Interior of the Chapel in Brougham Castle.

VOL. XVI.

2 E

EACH reader of the *Mirror* will consider this Engraving in association with the illustrious individual whose title and name it bears; and whose auspicious advancement is a subject of congratulation both in political and literary history.

Apart from this consideration, (in itself no ordinary point of interest,) the district of Westmoreland in which Brougham Castle stood, is one of considerable antiquarian importance. The village of Brougham is situated at the northern extremity of the county, on the military way to Carlisle; to the north of which are the venerable ruins of *Brougham Castle*, the history of which is described at some length in the *Beauties of England and Wales*, vol. xv. :—

BROVACUM,\* and *Broconacæ*, the for-

\* The fallacy of Camden's favourite method of settling the Roman Geography of Britain by similarity of sound between ancient and modern names, is no where more clearly exemplified than in his placing Aballaha at Appleby, and in telling us that the name Brovacaen, or Broconacum, as he has it, "remains almost unaltered; for we still call it Brougham." *Hemley* rightly derives Brougham from *Berg-hæm*, i. e. *Castle-town*, and Leland, in distinguishing between the castle and the village, shows he was acquainted with the true etymology of Brougham.

mer mentioned in the fifth, and the latter in the second Antonine iter, have often been confounded with each other, and with the *Borcovicum* and the *Braboniacum* of the Notitia; but they are doubtless names of distinct places, and we agree with Horsley and Gough, in placing Brovacum, at *Brougham Castle*, concerning which Leland tells us "There is an old castle on the ... side of Eden water, called *Burgh*. About a *dim* from the castle is a village called *Burgham*, and there is a great pilgrimage to our Lady. At *Burgham* is an old castle that the common people there say doth sink. About this *Burgham* ploughmen find in the fields many square stones, tokens of old buildings. The castle is set in a strong place, by reason of rivers inclosing the country thereabouts."

"Some coins and urns have been found here," and the place has all the usual evidence of a Roman station: it stood on the east side of the Lowther, about two stone casts from the castle, and its form and extent may be easily traced.† "It has formed an area and out-work one hundred and twenty paces square, defended by a vallum and outward ditch, both at this time very discernible."‡ Here Horsley mentions a fragment of an altar, inscribed PRO SE ET SVIS. L. L. M. 9; remarkable only for the form and size of the stops. He saw many fragments of altars and inscriptions at the hall; and in the wall by the Roman road beyond the castle; and near the Countess of Pembroke's pillar, a pretty busto, part of a funeral monument, and further on another bas-relievo, much defaced. He imagined the high ground by this pillar, where most of the inscriptions were found, was the site of the city, rather perhaps of the pomerium, or cemetery; for it is to this day called the burial-ground; and urns and coins, among the rest a Faustina, have been dug out of it.

The following inscription is on a plain mural altar, formerly built up in the stable at Brougham Castle; but presented lately to the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, by Mr. G. A. Dickson.

D E O	Deo.
BLATVCAERO	Belatucrado.
AVDAGVS	Audagus.
V S P SS	votum solvens posuit sanctissime.

"History," says Mr. Grose, "has not recorded the builder of Brougham Castle, or handed down to us the time

when it was erected; but its style of architecture, and particularly that of the keep, indubitably pronounces it Roman." This, however, is a mere flourish of conjecture; for an inquisition records that the prior of Carlisle, during the minority of John de Veteripont, suffered the walls and house of *Brougham* to go to decay for want of repairing the gutters thereof. The expression *house* seems to infer that license at that time had not been procured to embattle it. Roger Lord Clifford, son of Isabella de Veteripont, built the greatest part of the castle, and placed over its inner door this inscription—*This Maide Roger. § By an inquisition taken after his death, its castellany was found to consist of eighty acres of arable land, forty acres of meadow, three cotterels, and a water-mill. His grandson Robert built its eastern parts, where his arms, with those of his wife, were cut in stone. An inquisition, in 1403, found it and its demesne worth nothing "because it lieth altogether waste by reason of the destruction of the country by the Scots;" and a like authority made in 1421, says it had a yearly rent of twenty quarters of oats, and thirty shillings from the villis of Clyburne, Wynanderwath, and Brougham; and twenty-two quarters of oats from Clifton. The Countess of Pembroke relates that Henry, Earl of Cumberland, did magnificently entertain King James, at Brougham Castle, on the sixth, seventh, and eighth days of August, 1617, on his return from his last journey out of Scotland."* The next account we have of it is from the following inscription:

"This Brougham Castle was repaired by the Ladie Anne Clifford, Countesse dowager of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery, Baronesse Clifford, Westmerland and Vescie, Ladie of the honour of Skipton in Craven, and high sherrifesse by inheritance of the county of Westmerland, in the yeares 1651 and 1652, after it had layen ruinous ever since about August 1617, when King James lay in it for a time, in his jounrie out of Scotland, towards London, until this time, Isa. c. LVIII. v. 12. God's name be praised."

The Countess Anne also tells us that "After I had been there myself to direct the building of it, did I cause my old decayed castle of Brougham to be repaired, and also the tower called the *Roman Tower*, in the said old castle, and § Pemb. Mem.

VII. 63. † Hors. Brit. Rom. p. 297.  
Hut. Exc. p. 49. Anno 1776.

the court-house, for keeping my courts in, with some dozen or fourteen rooms to be built in it upon the old foundation." The *Tower of Leagues*, and the *Pagan Tower*, and a state room called *Greystocke Chamber*, are mentioned in her Memoirs; but the room in which her father was born, her "blessed mother" died, and King James lodged in 1617, she never fails to mention, as being that in which she laid, in all her visits to this place. A garrison of foot soldiers was put in it for a short time, in August 1659.† After the death of the Countesse, it appears to have been neglected. Its stone, timber, and lead were sold for 100*l.* to Mr. John Monkhouse and Mr. Adderton, two attorneys in Penrith, who disposed of them in public sales, the first of which was on the coronation of George I. 1714. The wainscoting was purchased by the neighbouring villagers, among whom specimens of it still remain.‡

The approach to this castle, says Hutchinson, in an account written in 1776, is guarded by an outward-vaulted gateway, and tower, with a portcullis; and, at the distance of about twenty paces an inroad vaulted gateway of ribbed arches, with a portcullis, through which you enter a spacious area, defended by lofty towers.

The side next the river is divided by three square towers; from thence, on either hand, a little wing falls back, the one leading to the gateway, the other connected with the outworks, which extend to a considerable distance along a grassy plain of pasture ground, terminated by a turret, one of the outposts of the castle. The centre of the building is a lofty square tower: the shattered turrets which form the angles, and the hanging galleries, are overgrown with shrubs. The lower apartment in the principal tower still remains entire; being a square of twenty feet, covered with a vaulted roof of stone, consisting of eight arches, of light and excellent workmanship. The groins are ornamented with various grotesque heads, and supported in the centre by an octagon pillar, about four feet in circumference, with a capital and base of Norman architecture. In the centre of each arch rings are fixed, as if designed for lamps to illuminate the vault. From the construction of this cell, and its situation in the chief tower of the fortress, it is not probable it was formed for a prison, but rather as used at the

time of siege and assault, as the retreat of the chief persons of the household.§ You descend to it by several steps: "all the" other "apartments are destroyed." The outward gateway is machicolated, and has the arms of Vaux (chegny, or and gules) on its tower.||

In the *Spectator* newspaper of Sunday last, it is observed that "The fine old ruin, Brougham Castle, which is often confounded with Lord Brougham's seat, never was in his possession, or that of his family." We had reason to doubt the entire accuracy of this statement, and accordingly sought information of the personage to whom the possession of the Castle had been attributed, and it is with feelings of pride and pleasure that we submit the result of this inquiry to the reader:—

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The Lord Chancellor being at present very much occupied, has desired me to answer your letter of the 29th.

It is perfectly true that Brougham Castle is not now the property of the Chancellor, nor has it been in his family since the reign of King John. It belongs to the Earl of Thanet, as representative of the Clifford family. Before the time of the Norman Conquest, the manor and lordship of Brougham (then called Burgham) were held by the Saxon family of de Burgham, from whom the Lord Chancellor is lineally descended. After the Conquest, William the Norman granted to Robert de Veteripont, or Vipont, extensive rights and territories in Westmorland; and among others, some oppressive rights of superiority over the manor of Brougham, then held by Walter de Burgham. To relieve the estate of such services, Gilbert de Burgham, in the reign of King John, agreed to give up absolutely one-third part of his estate to Robert de Veteripont, and also the advowson of the rectory of Brougham. This third comprises the land upon which the castle is built, and the estate afterwards given by Anne Countess of Pembroke, (heiress of Veteripont), to the Hospital of Poor Widows at Appleby. Brougham Castle, if not built, was much extended by Veteripont; and afterwards still more enlarged by Roger Clifford, who succeeded, by marriage, to the Veteripont possessions. The manor house, about three quarters of a mile from the castle, continued in the Brougham family; and part of it, especially the gateway, is supposed to be of Saxon architecture;

\* Pemb. Mem. V. i. p. 216.

† Pemb. Mem. V. i. p. 218.

‡ Clarke's Survey, p. 5.

§ Excurs. to the Lakes, p. 47.

|| Hutch. Hist. of Cumb. i. 294.

at all events, it is the earliest Norman. The chapel is also old, except the roof, which was renewed in the year 1659. In the year 1607, Thomas Brougham, then Lord of the Manor of Brougham, died without issue male, and the estate was sold to one Bird, who was steward of the Clifford family; the heir male of the Brougham family then residing at Scales Hall, in Cumberland. About 1680, John Brougham, of Scales, repurchased the estate and manor of Brougham from Bird's grandson and entailed it on his nephew, from whom it passed by succession to the Lord Chancellor.

Brougham Castle descended from the Veteriponts to the Cliffords, and from them to the Thanet family.

I have the honour to be your obedient, faithful servant, —————.

Lin : Inn, Tuesday, 30th.

Returning to the *Beauties of England and Wales* memoir, we find that the "mansion" now called *Brougham Hall*, is often styled *Birdnest*, from its having belonged to the family of Bird. "It stands upon a woody eminence on the east side of the Lowther; and from the richness, variety, and extent of the prospect from its fine terraces, is often styled *The Windsor of the North*. Its hall is lofty, and lighted by five Gothic windows, "each completely fitted up with painted glass, some of which is of the old stain, and has been anciently there, particularly the arms of the family over the door: some of it is of modern painters, and placed there by the late Mr. Brougham. The subjects are of various kinds, scripture pieces, Dutch figures, landscapes, fruit, and flowers, and the tout ensemble produces an admirable effect."† Nearly adjoining to it is the chapel of Brougham, dedicated to St. Wilfred, as appears by the rector of Brougham agreeing, in 1393, to find in it "two seargies afore St. Wilfred, at his own proper costs;" at which time it was endowed with lands adjoining to it; but these have since been exchanged for others contiguous to the glebe of the church. In 1658 and 1659, the Countess of Pembroke rebuilt it; and the rector of the parish performs evening service in it when the family are resident."

\* As we have not sought permission to subscribe the writer's name, it is withheld. Suffice it to say, the above Letter is from a near relative of the Chancellor, whose obliging zeal in furnishing this information will always be gratefully remembered by the Proprietor, as well as by the Editor of the present work.

† Hutch. Camb. Vol. 1. p. 305.

A few more recent particulars of Lord Brougham's family, from the *Spectator* memoir, already alluded to, will not be out of place here :—

"Henry Lord Brougham, is the eldest son of a gentleman of small fortune but ancient family (the Chancellor had, we believe, a latent claim as heir-general to the barony of Vaux, and hence his creation by that title,) in Cumberland. His mother was the daughter of a Scotch clergyman; in the mansion of whose widow, on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, the father of Lord Brougham lodged when prosecuting his studies at the University there. Chambers, the laborious topographical historian of Edinburgh, says that Lord Brougham was born in St. Andrew's Square, in that city, though we have heard this disputed.

Lord Brougham first sat for Camel-ford, afterwards for Winchelsea, then for Knaresborough, and lastly for Yorkshire. In 1812, he contested Liverpool with Mr. Canning, and failed; in the same year he was nominated for the Inverkeithing district of borroughs, and failed there also. In 1818 he contested Westmoreland, with the Lowthers; and again in 1826, but unsuccessfully in both instances. Lord Brougham was originally a Scotch barrister, and practised for some time in the Supreme Court there. It was while at the Scotch bar that, in conjunction with the late Mr. Francis Horner and Mr. Jeffery he planned and established the celebrated *Edinburgh Review*, of which he was for many years a most able and constant supporter. Lord Brougham married, in 1816, Mary Anne, relict of John Spalding, Esq. of Holme, in Gallowayshire; by whom we believe he has had two children, a boy and a girl. Lady Brougham's maiden name is Eden; she is a near kinswoman of the Auckland and Hendley families. At her marriage with Mr. Spalding, in 1808, she was accounted an extremely beautiful young woman, and she was still possessed of great personal charms at the period of her second union. Lady Brougham had by her former marriage a son, who inherits his father's estate, and is an officer in the army, and a daughter."

By the way, a lithographic portrait of the Lord Chancellor, in his robes of office, appeared the day after his lordship had taken his seat. The resemblance is striking. It is, we learn, by a promising young artist, named O'Connor, and its entire production occupied him but six hours.

## AUTUMN.

(For the Mirror.)

"Lov'st thou thro' Autumn's fading realms to stray,

To see the heath-flower wither on the hill,  
To listen to the wood's expiring lay?"

Sir Walter Scott.

Suz comes with melancholy grace,  
A mild, sad beauty in her face;  
Fading flowers adorn her brow,  
Yellow leaves her pathway show.  
On the evening breezes swelling  
Her wild harp a tale is telling.  
You may hear its pensive chiding  
When the pale moon high is riding;  
When the stars are glittering brightly,  
And the clouds are sailing lightly;  
When the bat comes wheeling near,  
And woods are falling, dry, and sere;  
When lights of day are waxing dim,  
Her wild anthem will begin!

Listen to the mournful measure,  
And indulge the pensive pleasure;—  
Loudest, sweetest, in her note  
Where lone ruins stand remote.  
Rustling low, thro' ivy wreaths  
Her sad music softly breathes;  
Or wild and hollow, down the aisle  
Of the mouldering abbey's pile.  
And where yew trees lend a shade,  
Where beloved dust is laid!  
Where the flickering moon-beams fall  
On the dark-grey, time-worn wall.  
O'er the past her strain is stealing,  
Far-off scenes at once revealing;  
I would the dying note prolong,  
And catch the moral of her song.

Hoary Time is gliding by,  
Unobserved and silently;  
Bearing with him many a flower,  
Blooming once in pleasure's hour;  
From life's bright and sunny day,  
What's he stealing far away?  
He bears smiles, and joy, and brightness,  
Health and hope, and fancy's lightness;  
Early friendship's first pure token,  
Trusting love, and faith unbroken.  
Rife with spoils so rich and rare,  
With all that's lovely, all that's fair:  
Whither wilt thou fold thy pinion,  
Time! when ceases thy dominion?  
Whither tends thy rapid flight,  
Thro' quick returning day and night?  
"To that wide ocean," Time replied—  
"I on the rapid whirlwind ride,  
"Where day and night shall cease—  
"Spring, Summer, Autumn, cease to be!  
"Prepare to fix thy destiny  
"In heaven's blest home of peace!"

KIRTON-LINDSEY. ANNE R.

## THY DAYS ARE GONE!

A FRAGMENT.

(For the Mirror.)

Thy days are gone—thy battlemented walls  
No longer crown with overhanging guns;  
The roar is hushed of revelry and war;  
The night owl shrieks where once the mighty  
fell;

The white rose and the red entwine reciprocally.  
Here Beauty tripp'd,—and here rough warrior  
lords

Browned by the sun of battle—scarred and  
maimed—

Held many a council over England's fate!

'Twas here the vassal to his liege lord paid

The feudal homage of the barony:—

'Twas here the boar's head smoked, with min-  
strelys,

To feast a monarch, or his warlike peers:—

'Twas here, diurnally, the royal haunch

Steamed on the charger, as the festal horn

Proclaimed the banquet. Here thy nobles fought

For hapless Henry and his luckless queen!

But since that casqued chiefs and morioned  
masters bled;

Full many a merry monk and pining nun

Have breathed their vespers—and have talked of  
love

By them forsworn—and wished the vow undone,

As they have sat on thy grey turrets musing,

Watching the red sun sink into the sea,

In ruby glory—or the silver moon

Shoot forth her rays—or in their vigils marking

The borealis streaming from the north!

As coruscations of the past would gleam

In fancy's world. I hail thy nobler site!

For Nature stamp'd thee noble ere thy pile

Was rear'd! Earth's lesser Alps around thee  
rose,

Which, like eternal giants of creation,

Yet lift their stately heads, majestic,

In solitude sublime, magnificent!

Built by the Architect who heaved the skies,

Thy native rocks overhang, as in the days

Of warlike Margaret. Bend and worship, man,

"The common God of Nature," whom bot to  
know

Is to revere!

CYMBELINE.

## Spirit of Discovery.

## Triumph of Science.

THE month of October was distinguished  
above all others, in the annals of this or  
any other country, by the final subjugation  
of steam, and applying this most  
powerful agent to the last and most im-  
portant use of man, in giving him a vehi-  
cle for all the common purposes of life.  
It has now become literally what the  
alchemysts boasted of their *Currus tri-  
umphalis*.

Hitherto, the running of steam car-  
riages was confined to experiment  
only; but on the 5th of October, 1830,  
they were used as public accommoda-  
tions; and so commenced the era when  
vapour was substituted for horses, and a  
small barrel of water placed upon its  
side, moved forward itself, and a pon-  
derous weight attached to it, with a  
force as great, and a velocity infinitely  
greater, than sixty of the strongest and  
fleetest horses could accomplish in the  
same distance. We had the curiosity  
to visit Liverpool for the purpose of

witnessing this extraordinary sight, and we travelled thirty-three miles, from Liverpool to Manchester, on this wonderful road. Two sets of carriages leave their respective places every day, each containing one hundred and twenty persons, with all their luggage. The first class are covered in and curtained, and the fare to each person is seven shillings; the second are open, and the fare but four shillings. They depart at different hours, five times a day, from each place, and are always full, so that one thousand two hundred people are daily conveyed between these great commercial cities, at the average rate of twenty miles an hour. We entered one of the first class at two o'clock in Liverpool, with a vast crowd of fellow-travellers in five large carriages connected with each other, and all attached to a low machine like a sledge, having a barrel of water laid in it. On a signal given, the whole began to move. We, first passed through a dark caverned tunnel, where the light of day was excluded, and the noise of the carriage wheels, rolling on their metal bars, was increased to a stunning effect by the echo of the vaulted roof; from this we emerged upon the viaduct, an elevated mound thrown across a valley, and we flew along in the air over the country and its inhabitants, a considerable way below us. Half way we stopped to have our water-barrel replenished, and after a delay of ten minutes we started again. At this time we went with the velocity of thirty miles an hour, so that passing objects dazzled and rendered giddy many of the company. Our attention was now called to the other coaches returning from Manchester to Liverpool. We were on the alert to salute them in passing, but we only heard a rushing sound, and saw a gush of smoke like a meteor, and the crowd and all their conveyances were gone: in fact, we passed each other with the sum of our velocities, and at the almost incredible rate of sixty miles an hour. We now entered upon the chat moss, over which it seemed impossible to form any thing like a firm road; but even this hopeless substance was subdued, and we were carried across the unstable quagmire with as much speed and levity as if we floated over it in a balloon. In one hour and forty minutes we found ourselves over the town of Manchester; and having dismounted from our wonderful vehicle, far more extraordinary than Pacolet's horse, we descended by a flight of steps into the streets of the city.

The complete success of this noble

enterprise has excited a spirit which will soon spread over the kingdom. A railroad on a more extensive scale is already marked out from Liverpool to Birmingham, to be immediately commenced, and continued from thence to London; already has the distance to Manchester been passed in half an hour, and it is no extravagant expectation to see all England traversed, in a few years, at the rate of a mile a minute, and for the fare of a penny a mile. A magnificent tunnel is nearly completed from the Mersey under the town of Liverpool, to meet the railroad, and it is expected that goods of all kinds will be transported and lodged in towns in the interior in less time than they can now be stored on one of the wharfs.—*British Magazine.*

## The Sketch-Book.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WANDERER, NO. IV.

*An Adventure on the Coast.*

(For the Mirror.)

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:  
I love not man the less, but nature more,  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the universe, and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

And I have loved thee ocean! and my joy  
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
Borne, like thy bubbles onward: from a boy  
I wanted with thy breakers—they to me  
Were a delight: and if the freshening sea  
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,  
For I was as it were a child of thee,  
And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
And laid my hand upon thy wave—as I do here."

BYRON.

I WISH I could describe the cove of Torwich—I can but give a faint outline of it. It was a scene of wild sequestered beauty, untamed character, and of romantic singularity, shut out as it were from the tumult and discord of the world. In the distance was the hamlet, a small part of which commanded a beautiful though confined view of the extensive and romantic scenery of Torwich bay. In the foreground was the cove, with a chain of mingled wood and precipice on the right; while the opposite side of the valley presented scenery of a totally different character. A wild and sterile range of sandhills, of unknown era and considerable altitude, clothed in part with bent (a species of reed) presented a succession of eminences occasionally broken by the abrupt intrusion of a rock, and terminating in the picturesque twin rocks (formerly



alluded to in my description of the bay") which formed a barrier to seaward. In the centre of the sandhills, overlooking the cove and valley, like a huge wave rising out of a broken sea—stood the aged and "time-worn" remains of P——th Castle. The peasantry averred that it was never erected by mortal hands, but raised by enchantment in one night; many a legend was afloat respecting it, and truly, though in reality it was situated on an inaccessible rock on the side of the valley, yet the sand had probably encroached, and concealed its real site, for it was to all appearance on three sides, founded on a sand. Whether it arose from its peculiarly desolate and mouldering appearance (for the principal portion of the exterior fortification and gatehouse alone remained,) or whether it was from the force of association or the extreme loneliness and singularity of its site, but I attach a deeper degree of interest to this ruin than to any other I have ever seen; though others may have been of a finer and more extensive nature. From a tower boldly situated at the S. W. angle of the castle, completely concealed by one large ivy-bush, which branched out of the wall, the eye could embrace the whole extent of ocean visible through both the headlands of Torwich bay, with the extensive and convulsed scenery of the eastern portion of it.

It will be seen from the above rapid description that solitude formed a prominent characteristic of Torwich—but I am a student of Nature—there is society for me "in the pathless woods"—a world on the lone sea-beach—I love no music better than the howling of the storm—the wild screaming of the eagle, or the crash of waters. These are the source of feelings of a thrilling and high-toned character, which he who dwells in towns can but ill comprehend.

The "schoolmaster," according to modern parlance, had not visited Torwich, but in his room there was a full freight of honesty and good sense amongst her manly sailors. Of the society there was the "right merrie" host of the anchor, a worthy old skipper, somewhat the worse for wear, brimful of nautical adventure and anecdote, (no man could spin a yarn better) with a sly tongue and a slyer head. Then there was Harry Lovering, as true a British tar as ever existed, with his never-ending yarns of the "glorious first" his whole appearance a perfect study; the furrows of a hundred storms in his face, beaming with open-hearted

frankness and singleness of mind. It was a positive relief amidst the everyday characters of life, to meet with such a man, and the change of time, I regret to say, is fast sweeping away such characters, which can never be recalled. After leaving H. M. Service, he had been subsequently the captain of a coaster, and was now laid up for the remainder of his day in a snug berth in his native village, owner of the Three Brothers, coasting smack, of which his eldest son, Frank, was captain. There was Charley Swan too—but I must check the current of my recollections, or you will be carried to leeward; for it is time to begin my own story.

Soon after the wreck of the *Bonne Esperance*, formerly detailed, what was termed the "coast blockade" at Torwich, consisting only of three persons, was reinforced, and a regular station and watch-tower appointed in conformity with the regulations of the service—a measure which had become more urgent not only on account of the outrages frequently committed by wreckers, but in consequence of several successful and rather extensive *runs*, and a considerable trade in salt, which had recently taken place on the coast: indeed more than one individual in the village was rumoured to have a hand in these affairs.

"A fine night, Mr. Lovering," said I, meeting him casually on the sea-beach, "those are strange stories we hear about the castle and the old church. I hear the king's men have been to examine it to-day, in hopes, I suppose, of finding a keg or two of brandy under the tombstones."

"Ay, ay, sir," he replied, replenishing his pigtail, "*they* never throw a chance away. Those are queer noises though; and my old woman will have it as we hear the strange unearthly sounds as she calls 'em, in the fitful pauses of the night wind, that they come from a greater distance than the castle, and the church you know is half a mile to the nor' east of it."

"It is making noise enough, heaven knows, in the village, and there are more at the bottom of it there, than you or I choose to say."

"Yes, sir," he remarked, shaking his head, "*that* I don't doubt. You've heard likely, of the fright Tom Bra'byn and his partner got in passing the old church, last night—I was by when the lieftenant questioned him about it this morning, and he keeps to his story, that it was all on a sudden lighted up as bright as day when he passed the church, and that strange shouts and yells came

\* See *Mirror*, vol. xiii. p. 403.

from it and the tombstones. Yon sky looks very wild, sir, we shall have some rough work in a day or two, I fear." With this we parted.

It was getting quite dark as I neared the ascent to the village, when sounds of a very peculiar and unpleasant description stole by, wafted by the breeze from the opposite heights like the murmuring echo of an Æolian harp. I have that degree of nerve, which often disposes me to run into adventure, and I suddenly came to the determination of keeping watch, a night or two at the castle, in order to detect or unravel the mystery—for it was difficult to divine the object of such proceedings.

On the following evening I prepared to proceed to my post, well armed against human and elemental foes. Half an hour found me pacing up and down under the S. W. angle of the castle, a favourite resort in daylight. I had not walked long before the wonted noises commenced. I smoked it off bravely. The moon was yet "young," as the Indians say, and through the fitful light it shed over the scenery, I strained my eyes in vain to discover anything. It was almost a profound calm, the wind had died into an echo. Nothing interrupted the booming of the bittern, and the distant roar of the ocean, unless the occasional wailing at the church—or at times a sudden though slight gust of wind stole through the ruined castle, and as suddenly sunk. I know nothing that raises emotion of so sublime and soul-thrilling a nature as the distant and lengthened voice of the ocean, rising above the other elemental commotions, and heard under similar circumstances to that which I am now relating. There is an elevation of mind—a lifting up of the spirit in even the very thought of ocean—boundless infinite and unknown

—like moonlight sleeping on the grave."

The occasional union—the crash of sounds had sometimes quite a sublime effect; while the exquisite reflection on the sea was as it has been beautifully expressed

"—like moonlight sleeping on the grave."

Wrapt occasionally in thoughts like these, the evening passed quietly away. I resolved, however, to watch for one night more, and should the noises be repeated, to visit the churchyard.

The calm which had prevailed in the elements was, to the practised observer, the forerunner of no good; for the next evening set in with every token of a tempestuous character. I took a round by the beach to my intended post. The

atmosphere, during the day, overcharged with moisture, had reflected distant objects with unusual distinctness—a sure forerunner of rain. The sun had just gone down under the edge of the level ocean, and cast a red and lurid glow on the summits of the dark and frowning masses of cliffs thrown partly into shadow on the other side of the bay. The feathery masses of waves breaking over the needles, contrasted finely with the sombre light reflected on the murky assemblage of vapours, which formed a heavy canopy over the horizon. The distant ocean stretched around, lay unusually still, while the few vessels in sight, were momentarily getting hull-down. On my left the dark line of convulsed and insurmountable precipices terminating in the eastern or Tor-head, loomed unusually large, and the eye rested with relief on a returning samphire gatherer, or perhaps a solitary sheep or goat browsing on the summit of the precipice, thrown out between earth and sky, and forming a fine study. The wind which blew with a wild and mournful song, began to exert some effect on the advancing flood; the needles were now under water and were only indicated by the increased eddying and deep snowy furrows of the breakers over them, and the sheets of foam and spray which were momentarily hurled against the base of the Tor-head. I thought as I turned from the beach and began to ascend a steep and broken path through hillocks of sand covered in patches with reeds and bent, towards the castle—that I had certainly no pleasant prospect before me; but I was resolved to go through with it manfully.

It was not long before the moon rose; but she sailed amongst extensive masses of dark clouds which the increasing wind drove rapidly across her surface, imparting an endless variety of tints to the landscape. The old castle repeated every successive gust that wailed wildly through its ruins, with a fitful and passing murmur, the effect of which was heightened by the pallid and peculiar light, which now fell full on the ivied tower and aged battlements, flinging their dark masses boldly out, now streamed on the cove beneath, or distant sea and headlands, and all again was gloom.

I increased my pace under the angle of the wall, and in order to dissipate the time, amused myself with singing snatches of the following little

#### SONG.

Sign for the sailor,  
Whom ocean holds deeply;  
When the hoarse surges roar,  
Slumbers he sweetly.



See nymphs shail dock him  
With red weed and coral,  
And his true maid from far,  
Soon, soon shall follow.

Each mournful anthem  
The sea-bird is singing,  
Each lovely wild flower  
The nereids are bringing—  
Salt caverns cover  
His name and his story;  
Reckless of infancy!  
Reckless of glory!

War thunders o'er him,  
But nothing he heeds it;  
Patriots may mourn him,  
But nothing he needs it.  
Sunk are his pulses  
To Death's heavy numbers;  
Sighless his tranquil breast,  
Dreamless his slumbers.  
Sigh for the sailor,  
Whom ocean holds deeply;  
When the hoarse surges roar,  
Slumbers he sweetly!

Twilight had almost waxed into darkness, and though there was a smartish gale it did not entirely disperse a mist which filled the cove and scenery below me. Nevertheless the moments crept on with painful intensity and tardiness. Time appeared to stand still. I fancied I had never before felt so restless, and though there were no disturbances to attract my attention, yet as the evening advanced I distinguished occasional noises, similar to those made by a numerous party engaged in some rapid movement, and I often thought I saw the glimmering of a light in the east, or as it was called the Smugglers' Cove, which danced for a few moments on the sea, and was as suddenly extinguished. This place had a bad name, and many bloody encounters had formerly taken place there between the smugglers and revenue officers. Though the wind had continued to freshen as the tide set in, the night had not yet turned out actually stormy. I gradually felt a considerable degree of excitement—of an enthusiastic temperament in all that relates to the sea or to adventure—though my feelings run now in a more subdued current, yet there are periods when it is as fervid and intense as before I had entered into the descent of life.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### HORRIBLE STANZAS.

FEAR haunts me like a sheeted ghost, there comes  
no rest to me,  
The swelling thoughts have sunk and fled which  
bucy'd my spirit free;  
A form of ill, unchanging still, a dark embodied  
shape  
Weights my crush'd heart, and grimly waits to  
shut me from escape;

Dim-seen, as gowl by starlight pale, gorged with  
his hideous fare,  
Yet all-distinct upon my soul there comes his  
wolfish glare.

The heaven is dark, as if a pall were spread upon  
the sky,  
And earth is like a grave to me, with vultures  
gather'd by;  
And though I breathe, my soul lies dead, and  
o'er it floats a troop,  
Long-bill'd, of birds obscene and vile, prepared  
for bloody swoop;  
One—sweeter, dandier than them all—one floats  
upon my heart,  
And half I laugh in bitter joy, to think no blood  
will start.

No blood, no blood to wet his maw,—that bleed-  
ed torrent's flow  
Was suck'd by countless beaks and bills—dried  
up long years ago.  
'Tis thus I dream, yet not in sleep; for sleep,  
the torturer, brings  
Before my closed eyes a train of bright and noble  
things:  
The smiles of maidens fair and young, the glance  
of beauty bright,  
And tones remember'd long ago—all fill me with  
delight.

Then happy—like the Indian chief between his  
pangs of pain—  
I quite forget in present ease the torture and the  
chain.  
A dream is mine. Sweet, mellow, faint, as if  
from o'er the sea,  
Or some calm lake, at evening heard, when  
hush'd the breezes be,  
A strain begins—and o'er mine ear the blessed  
music falls,  
Bathing my heart, as moonlight bathes some  
donjon's craggy walls:

A spell of power—a talisman each anguish to  
allay—  
And memory's wand brings back again the long-  
departed day,  
The proud young time, when, free as air, I walk-  
ed beneath the moon,  
And listen'd to one gentle voice that sung its  
witching tune;  
I bend, in sleep, to kiss her brow, as ends that  
falling strain—  
Gone, Gone,—The agony comes on,—The fiend  
is here again.

Close, close beside me glooms the form that  
haunts me night and day:  
The phantom stands beside my bed, in morning's  
twilight grey,  
Dim, undefined, and terrible. Ah, well my  
thrilling blood  
Told me that, foe to human kind, a demon near  
me stood.  
It spoke at last; and o'er my soul death's deep-  
ning shadows flit—  
"I takes ye up for debt," it said, "and this here  
is the writ." Blackwood's Magazine.

### DEATH AT THE TOILET.

(From the Diary of a late Physician.)

"'Tis no use talking to me, mother, I  
will go to Mrs. P.—a party to-night,  
if I die for it—that's flat! You know  
as well as I do, that Lieutenant N.—  
is to be there, and he's going to leave-  
towa to-morrow—so up I go to dress."  
"Charlotte, why will you be so ob-

stinate? You know how poorly you have been all the week, and Dr. — says late hours are the worst things in the world for you."

"Pshaw, mother! nonsense, nonsense."

"Be persuaded for once, now, I beg! Oh dear, dear, what a night it is too—it pours with rain, and blows a perfect hurricane! You'll be wet and catch cold, rely on it. Come now, won't you stop and keep *me* company to-night? That's a good girl!"

"Some other night will do as well for that, you know; for now I'll go to Mrs. P—'s, if it rains cats and dogs. So up—up—up I go!" singing jauntily

"Oh she shall dance all dress'd in white,  
So ladylike."

Such were, very nearly, the words, and such the manner in which Miss J— expressed her determination to act in defiance of her mother's wishes and entreaties. She was the only child of her widowed mother, and had, but a few weeks before, completed her twenty-sixth year, with yet no other prospect before her than bleak single-blessedness. A weaker, more frivolous and conceited creature never breathed—the torment of her amiable parent, the nuisance of her acquaintance. Though her mother's circumstances were very straitened, sufficing barely to enable them to maintain a footing in what is called the middling genteel class of society, this young woman contrived by some means or other to gratify her penchant for dress, and gadded about here, there, and everywhere, the most showily dressed person in the neighbourhood. Though far from being even pretty-faced, or having any pretensions to a good figure, for she both stooped and was skinny, she yet believed herself handsome; and by a vulgar, flippant forwardness of demeanour, especially when in mixed company, extorted such attentions as persuaded her that others thought so.

For one or two years she had been an occasional patient of mine. The settled pallor, the tallowiness of her complexion, conjointly with other symptoms, evidenced the existence of a liver complaint; and the last visits I had paid her were in consequence of frequent sensations of oppression and pain in the chest, which clearly indicated some organic disease of her heart. I saw enough to warrant me in warning her mother of the possibility of her daughter's sudden death from this cause, and the eminent peril to which she exposed herself by dancing, late hours, &c.; but Mrs. —'s remonstrances, gentle and affectionate as

they always were, were thrown away upon her headstrong daughter.

It was striking eight by the church clock, when Miss J—, humming the words of the song above mentioned, lit her chamber-candle by her mother's, and withdrew to her room to dress, soundly rating the servant-girl by the way, for not having starched some article or other which she intended to have worn that evening. As her toilet was usually a long and laborious business, it did not occasion much surprise to her mother, who was sitting by the fire in their little parlour, reading some book of devotion, that the church chimes announced the first quarter past nine o'clock, without her daughter's making her appearance. The noise she had made over-head in walking to and fro to her drawers, dressing-table, &c. had ceased about half an hour ago, and her mother supposed she was then engaged at her glass, adjusting her hair, and preparing her complexion.

"Well, I wonder what can make Charlotte so very careful about her dress to-night!" exclaimed Mrs. J—, removing her eyes from the book, and gazing thoughtfully at the fire; "Oh! it must be because young Lieut. N— is to be there. Well, I was young myself once, and it's very excusable in Charlotte—heigho!" She heard the wind howling so dismally without, that she drew together the coals of her brisk fire, and was laying down the poker when the clock of — church struck the second quarter after nine.

"Why, what in the world can Charlotte be doing all this while?" she again inquired. She listened—"I have not heard her moving for the last three quarters of an hour! I'll call the maid and ask." She rung the bell, and the servant appeared.

"Betty, Miss J— is not gone yet, is she?"

"La, no, ma'am," replied the girl, "I took up the curling irons only about a quarter of an hour ago, as she had put one of her curls out; and she said she should soon be ready. She's burst her new muslin dress behind, and that has put her into a way ma'am."

"Go up to her room, then, Betty, and see if she wants any thing; and tell her it's half past nine o'clock," said Mrs. J—. The servant accordingly went up stairs, and knocked at the bedroom door, once, twice, thrice, but received no answer. There was a dead silence, except when the wind shook the window. Could Miss J— have fallen asleep? Oh, impossible! She knocked

again, but unsuccessfully as before. She became a little flustered; and after a moment's pause, opened the door and entered. There was Miss J—— sitting at the glass. "Why, la, ma'am!" commenced Betty in a petulant tone, walking up to her, "here have I been knocking for these five minutes, and"—— Betty staggered horror-struck to the bed, and uttering a loud shriek, alarmed Mrs. J——, who instantly tottered up stairs, almost palsied with fright.—Miss J—— was dead!

I was there within a few minutes, for my house was not more than two streets distant. It was a stormy night in March; and the desolate aspect of things without—deserted streets—the dreary howling of the wind, and the incessant pattering of the rain—contributed to cast a gloom over my mind, when connected with the intelligence of the awful event that had summoned me out, which was deepened into horror by the spectacle I was doomed to witness. On reaching the house, I found Mrs. J—— in violent hysterics, surrounded by several of her neighbours who had been called in to her assistance, I repaired instantly to the scene of death, and beheld what I shall never forget. The room was occupied by a white-curtained bed. There was but one window, and before it was a table, on which stood a looking-glass, hung with a little white drapery; and various paraphernalia of the toilet lay scattered about—pins, brooches, curling papers, ribands, gloves, &c. An arm-chair was drawn to this table, and in it sat Miss J——, stone-dead. Her head rested upon her right hand, her elbow supported by the table; while her left hung down by her side, grasping a pair of curling-irons. Each of her wrists was encircled by a showy gilt bracelet. She was dressed in a white muslin frock, with a little bordering of blonde. Her face was turned towards the glass, which, by the light of the expiring candle, reflected with frightful fidelity the clammy fixed features, daubed over with rouge and carmine—the fallen lower jaw—and the eyes directed full into the glass, with a cold dull stare, that was appalling. On examining the countenance more narrowly, I thought I detected the traces of a smirk of conceit and self-complacency, which not even the palying touch of Death could wholly obliterate. The hair of the corpse, all smooth and glossy, was curled with elaborate precision; and the skinny sallow neck was encircled with a string of glistening pearls. The ghastly visage of Death thus leering through the ginsels

of fashion—the "vain show" of artificial joy—was a horrible mockery of the fooleries of life!

Indeed it was a most humiliating and shocking spectacle. Poor creature! struck dead in the very act of sacrificing at the shrine of female vanity! She must have been dead for some time, perhaps for twenty minutes, or half an hour, when I arrived, for nearly all the animal heat had deserted the body, which was rapidly stiffening. I attempted, but in vain, to draw a little blood from the arm. Two or three women present proceeded to remove the corpse to the bed, for the purpose of laying it out. What strange passiveness! No resistance offered to them while straightening the bent right arm, and binding the jaws together with a faded white riband, which Miss J—— had destined for her waist that evening.

On examination of the body, we found that death had been occasioned by disease of the heart. Her life might have been protracted, possibly for years, had she but taken my advice, and that of her mother. I have seen many hundreds of corpses, as well in the calm composure of natural death, as mangled and distorted by violence; but never have I seen so startling a satire upon human vanity, so repulsive, unsightly, and loathsome a spectacle, as a *corpse dressed for a ball!*

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## The Selector;

AND

### LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

LIFE OF BRUCE, THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.

*By Major F. B. Head.*

THIS is a somewhat bulky volume (No. 17) of the *Family Library*; and consists of one of the most interesting Memoirs in the whole compass of British adventure. Throughout the work we are happy to perceive that Major Head (himself no shrinking adventurer) has laboured to substantiate many of Bruce's statements in his "Travels," upon which error and prejudice had thrown much obloquy and discredit.—Among these attempts at proof, we particularly notice the story of cutting steaks from a living cow, which, being too long for our present purpose, must stand over for our next No. "It was," as Major Head observes, "upon this fact that Bruce's reputation rests, as

sunk like a vessel which had suddenly struck upon a rock;" so that the fact itself is worthy of quotation to refresh the memories of some readers, and its substantiation worthy of the attention of all.

Meanwhile we extract the "publication of Bruce's Travels," the fate of which will show the reader how difficult it is to stem the tide of popular prejudice when it has once set in against persevering merit:—

"After having enjoyed nearly twelve years of quiet domestic happiness, Bruce lost his wife: she died in 1785, leaving him two children, a son and a daughter. Thus deprived of his best friend and companion, he became restless and melancholy. 'The love of solitude,' he very justly says, 'is the constant follower of affliction. This again naturally turns an instructed mind to study.'—These feelings Bruce's friends strongly encouraged, and they used every endeavour to rouse him from his melancholy, and persuade him to occupy his mind in the arrangement and publication of his travels.

" 'My friends unanimously assailed me,' he says, 'in the part most accessible when the spirits are weak, which is vanity. They represented to me how ignoble it was, after all my dangers and difficulties, to be conquered by a misfortune incident to all men, the indulging of which was unreasonable in itself, fruitless in its consequences, and so unlike the expectation I had given my country by the firmness and intrepidity of my former character and behaviour.

" 'Others, whom I mention only for the sake of comparison, below all notice on any other account, attempted to succeed in the same design by anonymous letters and paragraphs in the newspapers; and thereby absurdly endeavoured to oblige me to publish an account of those travels, which they affected at the same time to believe I had never performed.

" 'It is universally known,' states the Gentleman's Magazine for 1789, 'that doubts have been entertained, whether Mr. Bruce was ever in Abyssinia. The Baron de Tott, speaking of the sources of the Nile, says—A traveller named Bruce, it is said, has pretended to have discovered them. I saw at Cairo the servant who was his guide and companion during the journey, who assured me that he had no knowledge of any such discovery.'

" 'To the persuasions of his friends Bruce at last yielded, and as soon as he resolved to undertake the task, he per-

formed it with his usual energy and application. In about three years he submitted the work, nearly finished, to his very constant and sincere friend, the Hon. Daines Barrington. In the meanwhile his enemies triumphantly maintained a clamour against him—and in his study he was assailed by the most virulent accusations of exaggeration and falsehood—all descriptions of people were against him; from Dr. Johnson, the great lexicographer, and moralist of the day, down to the witty Peter Pindar; heavy artillery as well as musketry were directed against Bruce at Kinnaird.

"When Bruce's work was completed, just before it was printed, and while public attention was eagerly expecting it, Johnson translated and published the travels in Abyssinia of the Jesuit Jereme Lobo. In the Gentleman's Magazine for 1789, it is stated that Johnson had declared to Sir John Hawkins, 'that when he first conversed with Mr. Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, he was very much inclined to believe that he had been there, but that he had afterwards altered his opinion.' In Johnson's preface, accordingly, he evidently at the expense of Bruce's reputation, extols the Portuguese traveller, as one who 'has amused his reader with no romantic absurdities or incredible fictions. He appears by his modest and unaffected narrative to have described things as he saw them, to have copied nature from the life, and to have consulted his senses, not his imagination. He meets with no basilisks that destroy with their eyes, his crocodiles devour their prey without tears, and his cataracts fall from the rock without deafening the neighbouring inhabitants.'

"These round, rignarole sentences were rolled against Bruce, a man who had patiently visited three quarters of the globe, by Johnson, one of the most prejudiced men of his age, who, himself a traveller, had not temper enough to travel in a hack-chaise to Aberdeen!

"Peter Pindar amused all people (except Bruce) by his satirical flings, one of which was—

'Nor have I been where men (what loss alas!) Kill half a cow, and turn the rest to grass.'

"It was useless to stand against the storm which assailed him—it was impossible to resist the torrent which overwhelmed him. His volumes were universally disbelieved; and yet it may be most confidently stated, that Bruce's travels do not contain one single statement which, according to our present

knowledge of the world, can even be termed improbable. We do not allude to the corroborations which his statements have received from the writings of Jereme Lobo, Perez, Salt, Coffin, Pearce, Burckhardt, Browne, Clarke, Wittman, Belzoni, &c.; for, whether these men support or contradict, their evidence would be only, say ten to one, for him or against him—which, after all, is no certainty—but we ‘appeal unto Cæsar,’ we appeal to our present knowledge of the world upon which we live.

“Bruce has stated that men eat raw flesh in Abyssinia; we know that men in other countries eat raw fish-blubber, and even eat each other; we ourselves eat the flesh of oysters raw. Bruce’s statement, therefore, is not and never was improbable.

“Bruce has given a picture of the profligacy of the Abyssinians, which, from its disgusting features, we have purposely withheld (to a well-constituted mind such details are only disgusting); yet it can very easily be shown that it is not at all improbable. In northern countries, a female possesses personal attractions at an age in which she is also endowed with mental accomplishments; she has judgment as well as beauty, ballast as well as sail, and, like the orange-tree, she thus bears fruit and flowers on the same stem; but, in the precocious climate of Abyssinia, this is not the case; and it surely need only be hinted, that there children of ten years of age are *women*, to explain what must be the sad effects of human passions working in such an uneducated, and, consequently, irrational state of society. There is no one of Bruce’s assertions which may not, by similar reasoning, be supported; but the public, instead of judging, at once condemned him; his statements were only compared with the habits and customs of England—which, at that time, were as narrow and as harsh as the bed of the tyrant Procustes;—and because the scenes which Bruce described differed from those *chez nous*, they were most unreasonably and most unjustifiably discredited.

“However, Bruce’s *Travels* were disbelieved *in toto*, and it was even proclaimed from the garret that he had never been in Abyssinia at all! Dr. Clarke says—Soon after the publication of his *Travels* to discover the sources of the Nile, several copies of the work were sold in Dublin as waste paper, in consequence of the calumnies circulated against the author’s veracity.

“There is something so narrow-minded, and, what is infinitely worse, so low-minded, in unjustly accusing an honest servant of exaggeration, that to do Bruce justice, to repel the attack of his enemy, it is absolutely necessary to show how little this country was entitled to pronounce such a verdict.

“When Bruce published his *Travels*, British intellect had marched exactly half-way from the Mississippi and South Sea schemes of the year 1720 towards the equally ruinous speculations of the year 1825, which, as we all know, proceeded from the same disreputable parents—had the same pedigree, the same sire, and the same dam—being got by Fraud out of Folly. The first of these bubbles had burst, the others were not yet blown; and thus, between these two bundles of hay, stood that ‘Public Opinion’ which obstinately condemned Bruce—that incredulity of the credulous.

“Bruce’s great object in travelling to such remote countries had been honestly to raise himself and his family in the estimation of the world. This reward, to which he was so justly entitled, was not only withheld from him, but he found himself absolutely lowered in society, as a man guilty of exaggeration and falsehood. Under such cruel treatment, nothing could be more dignified than his behaviour. He treated his country with the silent contempt which it deserved—he disdained to make any reply to the publications which impeached his veracity; and when his friends earnestly entreated him to alter, to modify, to explain, the accounts which he had given, he sternly replied, in the words of his preface.... ‘What I have written I have written!’

“To his daughter alone, his favourite child, he opened his heart. Although she was scarcely twelve years of age when he published his *Travels*, she was his constant companion; and he used to teach her the proper mode of pronouncing the Abyssinian words, ‘that he might leave,’ as he said, ‘some one behind him who could pronounce them correctly.’ He repeatedly said to her, with feelings highly excited, ‘I shall not live to see it, but *you* probably will, and you will then see the truth of all I have written thoroughly confirmed.’ In this expectation, however, it may here be observed, Bruce was deceived.”

Perhaps there is rather too much gasconade in certain portions of Major Head’s volume: his enthusiasm is, however, always generous and honourable to his heart.

## A DINNER SCENE FROM MAXWELL.\*

'THE following is a cabinet picture in the old manner of the author: it possesses all the minuteness of the Dutch style—its truth and more than its spirit. The subject is a dinner of pretension, given by people who are unequal to and unprepared for the task. Mr. Palmer, a man of business in Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, proposes to entertain a Mr. Overall, who has just married an heiress, and whose affairs the said Mr. Palmer is about to manage during his absence abroad: (*Spectator*.)

"I have said this much to show, that in a family like Mr. Palmer's, the non-arrival of the 'company' would have been a severe disappointment. Mrs. Overall was known to be a lady of fortune, used to every thing 'nice and comfortable'; she kept her own carriage, her men-servants, and all that; and therefore they must be very particular, and have every thing uncommonly nice for *her*. And so Miss Palmer, the night before, had a white basin of hot water up into the parlour to bleach almonds, with which to stick a 'tipsy cake,' after the fashion of a hedgehog; and Mrs. Palmer sent to the pastry-cook's for some raspberry jam, to make creams in little jelly-glasses, looking like inverted extinguishers, and spent half the morning in whipping up froth with a cane whisk to put on their tops, like shaving-lather. And Miss Palmer cut bits of paper, and curled them with the scissors, to put round the 'wax-ends' in the glass lustres on the chimney-piece; and the three-cornered lamp in the drawing-room was taken out of its brown holland bag, and the maid set to clean it, on a pair of rickety steps; and the cases were taken off the bell-pulls, and the picture-frames were dusted, and the covers taken off the card-tables—all in honour of the approaching *fête*.

"Then came the agonies of the father, mother, and daughter, just about five o'clock of the day itself—when the drawing-room chimney smoked, and apprehensions assailed them lest the fish should be overdone; the horrors excited by a noise in the kitchen, as if the cod's head and shoulders had tumbled into the sand on the floor: that cod's head and shoulders which Mr. Palmer had himself gone to the fishmonger's to buy, and in determining the excellence of which, had poked his fingers into fifty cods, and forty turbot's, to ascertain which was firmest, freshest, and best;

\* Our "Laconics" from this work shall appear next week.

and then the tremour caused by the stoppages of different hackney-coaches in the neighbourhood, not to speak of the smell of roasted mutton, which pervaded the whole house, intermingled with an occasional whiff of celery, attributable to the assiduous care of Mrs. Palmer, who always mixed the salad herself, and smelt of it all the rest of the day; the disagreeable discovery just made that the lamp on the staircase would not burn; the slight inebriation of the cook, bringing into full play a latent animosity towards the housemaid, founded on jealousy, and soothed by the mediation of the neighbouring green-grocer, hired for five shillings to wait at table on the great occasion.

"Just as the Major and Mrs. Overall actually drove up, the said attendant green-grocer, the Cock Pomona of the neighbourhood, had just stepped out to the public-house to fetch the 'porter.' The door was of course opened by the housemaid. The afternoon being windy, the tallow candle which she held was instantaneously blown out; at the same instant the back kitchen-door was blown to, with a tremendous noise, occasioning, by the concussion, the fall of a pile of plates, put on the dresser ready to be carried up into the parlour, and the overthrow of a modicum of oysters, in a blue basin, which were subsequently, but with difficulty, gathered up individually from the floor by the hands of the cook, and converted in due season into sauce, for the before-mentioned cod's head and shoulders.

"At this momentous crisis, the green-grocer (acting waiter) returned with two pots of Meux and Co.'s entire, upon the tops of which stood heads not a little resembling the whipped stuff upon the raspberry creams;—open goes the door again, puff goes the wind, and off go the 'heads' of the porter pots, into the faces of the refined Major Overall and his adorable bride, who was disrobing at the foot of the stairs.

"The Major, who was a man of the world, and had seen society in all its grades, bore the pelting of this pitiless storm with magnanimity, and without surprise; but Jane, whose sphere of motion had been somewhat more limited, and who had encountered but very little variety either of scenery or action, beyond the everyday routine of a quiet country-house, enlivened periodically by a six weeks' trip to London, was somewhat astounded at the noise and confusion, the banging of doors, the clattering of crockery, and the confusion of tongues, which the untimely arrival of



the company and the porter at the same moment had occasioned; nor was the confusion less confounded by the thundering double knock of Mr. Olinthus Crackenthorpe, of Holborn Court, Gray's Inn, who followed the beer (which, as Shakspeare has it, 'was at the door,') as gravely and methodically as an undertaker.

"Up the precipitous and narrow staircase were the Major and Mrs. Overall ushered; she having been divested of her shawl and boa by the housemaid, who threw her 'things' into a dark hole, cycled the back parlour, where boots and umbrellas, a washing-stand, the canvass-bag of the drawing-room lamp, the table-covers, and 'master's' great-coats, were all huddled in one grand miscellany. Just as the little procession was on the point of climbing, Hollingsworth the waiter coming in, feeling the absolute necessity of announcing all the company himself, sets down the porter-pots upon the mat in the passage, nearly pushes down the housemaid, who was about to usurp his place, and who, in her anxiety to please Mr. Crackenthorpe (who was what she called a nice gentleman), abandons her position at the staircase, and flies to the door for the purpose of admitting him; in her zeal and activity to achieve this feat, she most unfortunately upsets one of the porter-pots, and inundates the little passage, miscalled the hall, with a sweeping flood of the aforementioned mixture of Messrs. Meux and Co.

"Miss Engleheart, of Bernard-street, Russell-square, who had been invited to meet the smart folks, because she was a smart person herself, arrived shortly after; indeed so rapidly did she, like Rugby, follow Mr. Crackenthorpe's heels, that he had but just time to deposit his great-coat and goloshes (in which he had walked from chambers) in the black hole where every thing was thrust, before the lovely Charlotte made her appearance.

"Here then, at length, was the snug little party assembled, and dinner was forthwith ordered. Miss Engleheart made the amiable to Mrs. Overall, who was received by both the young ladies with all that deference and respect which the formidable rank and title of wife commands. The three ladies sat together; Mr. Palmer performed fire-screen with his face to the company; and Major Overall, having first looked at Crackenthorpe for about five minutes, with an expression of countenance indicative of thinking him capable of cutting a throat or picking a pocket, at

length disturbed the *tête-à-tête* which that respectable young lawyer was carrying on with the head of the house.

"Mrs. Palmer at this period suddenly disappeared, to direct the 'serving up,' and regulate the precedence of butter-boats, and the arrangements of the vegetables, which were put down to steam on the dinner-table in covered dishes, two on a side; a tureen of mock-turtle from Mr. Tiley, in Tavistock-place, being at the bottom, and our old friend, the cod's head and shoulders, dressed in a horse-radish wig and lemon-slice buttons, at the top; an oval pond of stewed calves' head, dotted with dirt balls, and surrounded by dingy brain and egg pancakes, stood next the fish; and a couple of rabbits, smothered in onions, next the soup. In the centre of the table towered a grotesque pyramid, known as an *epergne*, at the top of which were large pickles in a glass dish, and round which hung divers and sundry cut-glass saucers, in which were deposited small pickles and lemons, alternately dangling gracefully; at the corners of the table were deposited the four masses of vegetable matter before mentioned; and in the interstices, a pretty little saucer of currant-jelly, with an interesting companion full of horse-radish;—all of which being arranged to her entire and perfect satisfaction, Mrs. Palmer again hurried up to the drawing-room, as red as a turkey-cock, in order to appear as if she had been doing nothing at all, and to be just in time to be handed down again by the Major.

"The table was soon arranged; the Major, on the right hand of Mrs. Palmer, was doomed to be roasted by the flame of the fire; and the bride, on the right hand of Mr. Palmer, was destined to be blown to shivers by the wind from the door. Mr. Crackenthorpe, who stood six feet three without his shoes, coiled up his legs under his chair, to the direful inconvenience of the green-grocer 'daily waiter,' who regularly stumbled over them whenever he approached his mistress on the sinister side, and much to the annoyance of Miss Charlotte Engleheart, who had long had a design upon the said Crackenthorpe for a husband, and who was in the habit of toe-treading and foot-feeling, after the custom of the tribes with whom she had been habituated to dwell.

"Miss Palmer's whole anxiety was in the dinner; her heart was in the tippy-cake, and all her hopes and wishes centered in the little jelly-glasses;—divers and sundries were the hems and

winks which she bestowed upon the waiter, in order to regulate the putting down of the different little niceties; and the discovery which, shortly after the appearance of the second course, was made, that a trifle in a white wig of froth, which had superseded the big pickles on the top of the *épergne*, was considerably damaged by the dripping of oil from the lamp, which hung invidiously over it, nearly threw her into hysterics.

"Vain were all the protestations of Mrs. Overall, that she never ate trifle—vain were all the screams of the Major, to reassure her—vain were the pleadings of Crackenthorpe, and the consolations of Miss Engleheart; 'it was so provoking'—after all the pains, and the cakes, and the cream, and the wine, and the whipping—'dear, dear, only to think,' and so on, which continued till the trifle itself was removed; when Emma left the room to follow the dear object of her love into the dark back parlour, where the dessert was laid out, and where the said trifle, amidst papa's umbrellas, Mr. Crackenthorpe's goloshes, and Mrs. Overall's bon, stood untouched, in order, if possible, to skim off the oleaginous matter which it had imbibed, before it sank through to the 'nice rich part at the bottom,' and to rescue some portion of the materials, to serve up the next evening, when they expected a few neighbours to tea and supper."

### The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.  
SHAKESPEARE.

#### PHLEBOTOMY.

AN Italian was on his death-bed. Presently came in a man whom he had aggrieved, and who, although told he was in a dying state, resolved, in the Italian way, to do the business with his own hands. He entered the chamber, gave the sick man a desperate stab, and so departed. By the flux of blood that issued from the wound (for it seems he required bleeding) he quite recovered.

DUMOULIN, the famous French physician, at his death, observed, that he left behind him two famous physicians.—Upon being asked who they were, he replied regimen and river water.

In all situations of life into which I have looked, I have found mankind divided into two grand parties—those who ride, and those who are ridden. The great struggle of life seems to be, which shall keep in the saddle. This it appears to

me is the fundamental principle of politics, whether in great or little life.—*W. Irving.*

#### ENIGMA.

(For the Mirror.)

I MELT for pity, burn for love—  
I bear the image of the dove,  
Or take the rampant lion's form—  
A traveller in every storm!  
For very shame I often blush;  
For sympathy my tears will gush!  
The herald I of joy and woe—  
Alike for each my tears will flow!  
Men often boil me to conceal,  
Then, curious, break me to reveal!  
I sometimes glow for charity,  
And often blazon heraldry!  
My charge will tear the heart—draw tears—

My presence wake a hundred fears,  
Or rouse from out their dormant bed  
A thousand hopes, when fear is fled.  
Mine is the chain that firmest binds!  
And mine the chain that surest grinds!  
Emblem of power! I stamp a worth  
And title to all thinks on earth.  
By me the gordian knot is tied—  
Confederacies ratified!

High is the trust on me conferred,—  
Without me—vain a monarch's word!

K. K.

Solution—SEALING-WAX.

#### THE WAPSHOTS.

At Ambrose's Barn, on the borders of Thorpe, near Chertsey, resides Mr. Wapshott, a farmer, whose ancestors have lived on the same spot ever since the time of Alfred, by whom the farm was granted to Reginald Wapshott.—Notwithstanding the antiquity of this family (and can the Howards or Percies ascend higher?) their situation in life has never been elevated or depressed by any vicissitude of fortune!

AN exciseman calling lately at the house of a good-humoured landlady, residing within one hundred miles of Ensham, she consulted him about some liquor that had been deposited in her cellar without a permit. At the words "without a permit" the exciseman rushed below, and soon found himself up to his middle in water. It is almost needless to add, that he made no seizure of the liquid, which the late heavy rains had forced into the cellar without any excise warranty.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipzig; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.